

said unsteadily: "Forgive me, friend, for the evil thoughts that prompted my unkind words. I am glad you came to me. I will get something ready for you to take over now. This afternoon John and I will carry over things to last until some arrangements can be made."

So Lois and her mother filled a basket with ready cooked food, not forgetting a can of rich milk and a generous portion of the hot roast. Mrs. Smith watched her pastor drive off through the storm. Then she turned to take up anew the work of not only ceasing to think evil of those about her, but the broader work of looking for good in the daily life of her associates.

Did she succeed, you ask? Not always. But she at last gained a victory, just as you and I may, by resolute watchfulness of self and implicit trust in God.

A "MORAL LESSON" IN SCHOOL.

The representative of a London paper gives the following description of a "moral lesson" on sobriety he heard in a Birmingham school:

"How do you tell when a man is intoxicated?"

"He staggers about," came the ready answer.

"And why does he stagger about? How does a man move his limbs?"

"By his muscles."

"And what moves his muscles?"

"His brain," said a sharp little chap.

"Ah, then, you see the drink effects the brain, and the brain is the most important part of you. If you injure that you injure your whole body. You can't afford to do that. You'll need all your brains and all your powers to make your way in the world."—*Scottish Reformer*.

GOOD MOTHERS.

Earth has no greater treasure and blessing than good mothers. For them some of the brightest crowns and warmest welcomes of heaven are waiting. When the long roll of earth's untitled heroes shall be called from the throne of the King, many a mother will be surprised to hear her name among them. Through years of patient endurance, Christ-like ministries, unselfish devotion, and unquenched affection, they climb up to thrones, unconscious of the ascent. "They shall be mine in that day," says the Lord, as he looks down the ages to the crowning time. Blessed mothers! True ministering angels! How cold the world and the homes of earth would be without their love! How rough and hard the way of life would be without their gentle hands and tender ministry! God bless them!—*Evangelical*.

LED THROUGH A CHILD.

It was at a time of religious interest. People were coming in from all parts of the town and adjoining towns. The pastor noticed as he entered the church a little boy wearing a hat much too large for him, holding by the hand a little girl younger than himself. The pastor stopped, took them by the hand, and asked their names, which they gave. "Where do you live?" he asked. The answer was: "Tophet." The children from Tophet were led in and given front seats, and gave good attention to the service.

The next day in a pouring rain the pastor found his way to Tophet, and called at the home of the children, where he found an uncle, and the grandmother, a backslider from the Baptist church. They were talked and prayed with, and invited to the meetings.

The next night as the pastor went into the converts' meeting, whom should he find on the front seat but the two children from Tophet with the uncle and grandmother sitting by their side. As the young converts were singing—

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
O, what a foretaste of glory divine,
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His spirit washed in His blood."

—it was a touching sight, watching the old lady wiping the tears from her eyes. With penitence for her wanderings she with the young converts was trying to find her way back to Christ.

Subsequently, the parents of the children were also converted. The little girl read the Scripture to them, and so earnestly did she talk to them about Jesus, that one day the father rose up, exclaiming: "I can't stand this, I must leave the room, it makes me cry to hear her talk so." Tophet received the Gospel through a little child.—*Sel.*

DISAPPOINTED AMBITIONS.

About fifty years ago a young lad, working on a Pennsylvania farm, declared his intention of writing an oratorio. He had a passionate love of music, and his hope was to leave to the world the score of a great composition, which it would treasure as it does the works of Handel or Beethoven.

The necessity of earning his livelihood forced him to postpone this important work from year to year, but in the meantime the necessity of expressing himself in music drew from him many negro melodies and simple songs.

They breathed with infinite pathos the homely affection, the sorrows and hopes of everyday life. The whole nation caught them and sung them; they spread to England—over the continent.

Stephen Foster is dead, and the great oratorio was never written, but "The Old Folks at Home," "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia," and others of his songs have gone into the depths of countless hearts, stirring the sympathy and feeling that sweetens life and helps to make men better.

Most of us, perhaps, begin life hoping to accomplish some great work, and find at the end that we have spent it in little homely tasks that filled each passing day.

Yet when all is summed up, is not the world as much helped by the cheery songs, and kindly words, and warm clothes given every day, as by the great oratorio, or sermon, or rare embroidery known only to a few?

The penny given in love to our starving brother is as sacred in God's eyes as the golden cup which hold the sacramental wine.—*Youth's Companion*.

Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error before an afflicted truth.—Jeremy Taylor.

Our Dead.

MILLER.—Daniel Miller died at his residence in South Bend, Ind., on Saturday evening, July 11, '96, at the age of sixty-five. On July 8, 1894, at Fairview Chapel, Brother Miller and his wife publicly confessed Christ. Two days later, in the beautiful waters of Chain Lake, they both put on Christ in baptism. Very faithful to the church have they been, and now already he has gone to his reward, while our sister, sad-hearted and lonely, looks forward hopefully to a glad reunion beyond. In Brother Miller, we have lost a kind, dear friend, the church has lost a noble member, and the community a good citizen. A week before his death he was anointed. Funeral services from the house by brother W. D. Furry and the writer, from Phil. 1:21.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

MYERS.—Carl, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Myers of Congress, Ohio, was born Sept. 30, 1895, and died July 20, 1896, aged 9 months and 20 days. Funeral services by the writer.

WM. KIEFER.

Matrimonial.

GINTER—WOHFORD.—At the home of the bride, on July 26, 1896, Mr. Frank Ginter and Miss Delpha Wohford were joined as husband and wife by the writer.

WM. KIEFER.